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MEMOIR

AND

LETTERS

OF

GULIELMA M. HOOPES.

PHILADELPHIA:
1862.

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HENRY B. ASHMEAD, PRINTER,
Nos. 1102 and 1104 Sansom Street.

The original design of collecting together the letters written by our dearly beloved one, during a journey through the Southern States, and on the Island of Cuba, and have them transcribed for her own family, has been changed under the belief that a copy of them would be acceptable to many of her friends. There have not been so many of them obtained as was at first hoped for, and it is to be regretted that some others could not appear, as it would have more fully connected the different places that she visited.

In order to supply that deficiency in part, some little has been taken from her diary, during the first part of her journey.

They were all written to her relatives and intimate friends, many of them filled with home matters, which to her were always near and dear; and not intended for any but those to whom they were directed.

They are now printed for private circulation only, and although they may by this change find their way among those to whom she was unknown, yet if read in the same spirit in which it is written, this little volume may not be found with-

out interest even to these. The journey, during which these letters were written, was undertaken at the earnest solicitation of friends, under the belief that it would be of advantage to her declining health, and although at first much opposed to leaving home and friends, yet after a prayerful consideration of the matter, she entered into it with that full and buoyant spirit which characterized all her undertakings when she considered them to have their foundation in the right source. The sequel of that journey is better expressed in the letters themselves, than it can be done by any one else,—other than to say, that it had a good effect on her health for a time, and if the distracted condition of our beloved country had permitted her to renew it the following winter, it might, under the blessing of Providence, have been the means of continuing her with us in comparative health, if not entirely restored. It has been ordered otherwise,—and although she has for a season passed from our view, yet it may be the means of drawing some of her dear friends to her in that happy home whither she has gone; and it was with her a comforting reflection in her last moments, that she might be a connecting link between those she left, and that eternity where she so desired to meet them.

Through the kindness of a near and dear relative who grew up with her, and who was her most intimate friend in her young life, we are indebted for the "Memoir" which accompanies these letters, and which has been written as a record for her children E. H.

MEMOIR.

In every human heart, not lost to all good, there is a hope of reaching the "Holy Land," and a desire to acquaint itself with the incidents of travel thereto, so that the record of such incidents interests us, even if we know not the traveler. But if one of our own dear friends has completed the journey, has "passed over the river" and become an angel, how longingly do we recall every word, tone, and look of the beloved one, so lately in the body with us, hearing our words, thinking our thoughts, grieving over our sorrows, and rejoicing in our joys; now, separated by a barrier which we too must pass, and a companion for the blessed of all times, of all "countries, kindreds, tongues, and peoples!" Yes: the hands which have clasped ours, the eyes which have looked into our own, the heart whose throbs were in unison with ours, are with the angels now. Those hands are evermore raised in adoration, those eyes behold Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the holy

men of the far off past; and more than this, they look upon Him, their Saviour, whose name was the last sound which trembled upon their dying lips. And—can we realize it?—those eyes look again upon the father and the mother who have gone before, upon dear and loving friends and upon the fair young babes who, in leaving earth, almost carry their mother's lives with them. A few more winters of piercing cold, a few more summers of scorching heat, a few more leagues of faithful travel over the rough and thorny path, turning not to the right hand nor to the left, and we, too, shall become inhabitants of that city, "whose builder and maker is God," and our glad eyes shall look into the eyes of our beloved for ever and ever.

Your dear mother, whose serene life and happy death I would fain place before you, was the daughter of David and Rebecca Townsend, of West Chester, Pennsylvania. She was born on the 16th of the 9th month, 1819.

Of her childhood I can remember little, save that she was a kind and gentle girl, most to be remarked, perhaps, for her docility and attention to the wishes of others. Her appearance was prepossessing, her soft, dark eyes expressing the tenderness that made her sympathize with suffering in any form.

The health of your grandmother, Rebecca Townsend, was delicate for many years; yet a firm and vigorous mind enabled her to perform the duties of mother in an admirable manner. Her word was a law in her household; yet that law was administered with so much tact and kindness, that I, who was often there, have no remembrance of any feeling of restraint.

Besides the instructions and example before her, your mother's childish days had another advantage, —that of a kind and conscientious friend in the person of S—— N——, who was in the house when she was born, who was in the room when she died, standing by her side during the last hours of her existence. Your grandmother adopted S—— into her family in her childish days, with a loving kindness that she has since endeavored to repay. S—— was a member of the Methodist Society, earnest and truthful.

Your mother belonged to that of Friends, whose precepts were early inculcated in her bosom, whose principles she never swerved from, and whose meetings she attended with regularity; yet the earnest sincerity of her friend S——, probably, was of great advantage in preventing her from lapsing into that indifference which has so nearly proved fatal to

those who otherwise might have continued as pioneers in all that elevates the character of man.

The world in general little knows what it owes to the Society of Friends, who, holding the idea that God is in direct communication, by his Spirit, with every human being whom he has created, own no mediator save "Jesus, at whose name every knee must bow," and acknowledge no ministry save that which bears evidence of its divine authority. This view, of course, threw the early Friends into a position antagonistic to all the power, wealth, and prejudices of the visible churches. Two hundred years ago, no church recognized the precept given by Jesus to his disciples when he sent them forth to preach, saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give." No church recognized the individual accountability of men. This one principle, promulgated by the despised Quaker, has, perhaps, advanced civilization more than any other cause. It is this principle of man's individual accountability which has, in every Christian profession, produced the brightest examples of practical devotion, such as Thomas à Kempis, Fenelon, Madame Guyon, Wickliffe, Luther, Melancthon, and others. These were all learned ones, and it remained for the plebeian George Fox to claim this high privilege in

behalf of himself and his associates for ever. With the Bible before us, why should it ever be lost sight of? By whom did Jesus Christ send forth his messages of peace and holiness? By plebeians, by fishermen, to whom he is as able to speak now as he was eighteen hundred years ago. "God giveth of his grace to every man," and his Holy Spirit, according to his written word, "shall enlighten every man that cometh into the world."

The early Friends, as they lived in and under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, found themselves led into a purer and holier life,—found that the Bible became to them an unsealed book, and, following the precepts and example of Jesus Christ, became leaders in many moral reforms. They were the first to bear a religious testimony against intemperance and slavery, endeavoring, by every consistent effort, to root them out from among their own members. They were the first to attach a literal meaning to the words of him whom they call Lord and Master, when he told Peter to put up his sword, saying, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight;" though the whole tenor of the gospel is "Peace on earth and good will to men:" the first to place the Bible within the reach of all; the first (and, as yet, the only one) which places

woman as an equal in all that pertains to the life hereafter.

It is wonderful that a discipline of such pure morality should have attained any hold in the reign of Charles the Second, when, on the one side, Bigotry, with her iron hand, pressed Religion down, and, on the other, licentiousness of every description ran riot. Yet then and there strong-hearted men laid aside their swords,—the swords with which they had defended their homes in a time of civil war,—and meekly listened to the precepts of Him who says, "Resist not evil;" "Love them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you;" "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." These men knew that their Master sealed his testimony with his blood, and, following him, they must suffer with him to rise with him. It was a short and simple creed. They held *obedience to God, regardless of consequences.*

Such a creed makes noble men and pure-hearted, self-denying women; and in such a creed was your dear mother educated by her mother. She was never called upon to become a martyr even to public opinion, "for the lines of her life had fallen in pleasant places;" but her serene composure under severe trials, such as all must pass through, showed the result of her early training.

As a daughter, your mother was kind and affectionate, always attentive to her invalid mother, to whom her gentle obedience and untiring, patient devotion made her a most pleasant companion and nurse. A short time before her mother's death, I called at the house, and finding my dear aunt very ill, felt as if I must say something to your mother about it. She was quietly pursuing her usual duties. She looked so serene, that I thought she could not be aware of the trial so near at hand, and I wanted to talk with her and express my sympathy. I asked her to sit down with me, and tried to speak to her, but failed. I could not. When, looking into her face, I saw, by her calm, composed countenance, that it was I who was unprepared, not she. Her grief was inward, and she would not distress others with any outward manifestations of it that she could avoid. The same abnegation of self was remarkable in after years, when her lovely babe lay in its coffin, pure and beautiful as a new-blown lily. Even there, over the little child, to save whom she would have given her own life, her readiness to receive the sympathy of her friends and her appreciation of it were very touching.

When a mother grieves, her whole heart says: "Whose sorrow is like unto my sorrow?" and

closes itself against all consolation. Not so with her; self was laid aside, and she endeavored to comfort others. A friend, advanced in years and experience, whose mission it has often been to sit in silence with the mourner and offer consolation to the afflicted, told me, she had never met such a reception as your mother gave her. She came to meet her with a calm serenity upon her face that seemed to belong to the heaven whither *her babe* had gone. God himself had sustained and comforted her; and giving her the ability to bear her own burthens, he also gave her the ability to share those of others—oh, how soothingly and healingly!

By her mother's death, your mother was placed in a situation of great responsibility as the eldest living daughter of the house. It is true that S—— relieved her of heavy cares; but many duties remained which she performed with a modest propriety, which won the love and respect of those around her, until the marriage of her father with one to whom she afterwards became warmly attached, and in whom she found a mother, second only to the one who had left her—a mother whose kind hands ministered unto her, and whose loving tones comforted her in the last weary moments of sickness, and in the hour of death.

As a school-girl, your mother was beloved by her teachers. She was sent to "Kimberton" when about ten years old, an age at which most children think themselves entitled to complain of the hardship of being sent from home, and few left a happier one than she; but she never complained. On the contrary, she liked her school, she liked her teachers, she liked her companions; and that she was beloved in return is attested by the fact, that when she made friends, she made them for life. So, too, at the boarding-school in West Chester, which she afterward attended, she was equally a favorite; many of her school friends retaining an interest in her and corresponding with her, long after the period when girlish intimacies are generally superseded by the important cares which devolve upon wife and mother.

As a social companion, she was delightful to those who knew her well, and with whom she was perfectly at ease. She had a quiet, playful humor in conversation, no sarcasm mingling with the gentle wit which rendered her so agreeable.

In the autumn of 1844, she and your father were married at the old mansion, formerly the residence of your great-grandfather, William Sharpless, and until lately occupied by his descendants. I was

present at the wedding, and remember yet how lovely the bride looked, her eyes deepening, and her cheeks flushing with the excitement of the occasion, but her whole deportment serene and composed.

Among the invitations to the wedding, "Nelly" was not forgotten. Nelly, who had faithfully served her mother and grandmother, and who, considering herself as part of the family, expected to attend upon all state occasions. She had long since retired to private life, and had a family of her own, but at such times as these, reappeared in her full dignity as Queen of the Kitchen. There was her post, and there she ruled with a sway which was never disputed, whatever subordinates came and departed. Nelly had never been a slave, but was bound to "the family" by the loving attachment that exists between employer and employed, where service is seldom exchanged, and where servitude is sweetened by the constant interchange of kind offices.

Your father and mother settled in West Chester for a while; from thence they went to Baltimore, but finally chose Philadelphia as a permanent residence. As the mistress of a family few exceeded your mother. Her home was neat and well ordered; and she ever treated those in her service

with a thoughtful kindness which made them her fast friends. I have heard that she never suffered a day to pass until all under her roof was well regulated and harmonious. If a domestic had behaved badly, the matter was talked over quietly, calmly, but faithfully, a thing which, with our American ideas of servitude, it is sometimes difficult to accomplish, but in her case a duty never evaded. That it conduced to the comfort of all was proved by the years she retained those who lived with her, and by their devoted attachment.

In 1850, Rebecca M. Downing, whose mother married your grandfather, died. She was a lovely girl, taken away in the richness and fullness of her young life, which had never known a cloud. The death, so unexpected, gave a shock to a large circle of acquaintances—how deeply it was felt by her dearest friends none but they can tell: she was the last young person left in the house. Marriage had removed the rest, and as one of her companions expressed it, "When Rebecca died, it seemed as if all the sunshine of the house had gone with her." In a letter written a short time after, your mother says: "For my part, I cannot throw off my sadness, but feel it daily, while I want to remember a remark which I read, made by some good person, that

'there is but one step between melancholy and murmuring;' and oh! far be it from me to murmur, who have so much left to be thankful for."

In 1852, she lost her own little darling, a sweet boy of three years old, named David, after his two grandfathers, David Hoopes and David Townsend.

I have elsewhere spoken of her meek submission to this heavy cross—a submission embodied in those beautiful lines—

"We shall all go home to our Father's house,
Our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall know no blight,
And our love no broken ties."

His little sister was too young to know her loss, and to her his mother addressed the following letter, most touchingly pathetic in its simple details.

W. C., October 31st, 1852.

Ever since the death of my precious little boy, I have felt a desire to commit to paper some account of his illness, so that as years roll around, and the image of his dear little bright face fades from the recollection of his sister, there may be some record to call to her mind the incidents of his last hours.

On 1st day afternoon, 8th mo., 29th, he awoke

from a short nap and complained of being sick, but as I had promised to take him to walk, he insisted upon being dressed, but found himself too sick, and lying down again, soon fell into a doze; upon waking, he again wished to be dressed, and I finally accomplished it, but he could only sit upon my lap, until late in the evening, when he fell asleep and was laid upon the sofa, while I waited the return of his father and grandmother. He was very sick all night, accompanied with much fever, and when the doctor came next morning about ten o'clock, (he was out of town when first sent for,) much to my surprise, he pronounced it a bad case of "dysentery." However, we all continued to hope for the best, but the disease could not be checked in the least, and on Fourth day at noon we became convinced he could not recover. He suffered much pain, rolling from side to side on the bed, saying often during his sickness, "Mother, lie down by me," or sometimes, "Mother, take me up." His mother talked to him cheerfully and lovingly, calling him by the endearing names which he so much loved. Sometimes he would ask, "Am I not thy little lamb?" smoothing her face with his dear little cold hands. About three o'clock on Fifth day morning, thinking that perhaps he did not know what was passing near him, as he

had not spoken for some time, and seemed to be suffering much, his mother said, "David will soon be free from all pain, and a little angel in heaven with Franky," (alluding to a neighbor's baby that died two or three months before,) and which, David said, "went to heaven off mamma's lap," as he saw it in a dying state on my lap—(it died in my arms.) He turned his head and whispered, "With Franky?" showing he understood me. Soon after, he said, "Mother, take me on thy lap, thee *said* thee would." Having done which, from tossing about in the greatest distress, he soon became very tranquil and gradually began to breathe easily. His face assumed the sweetest expression, with parted lips and eyes upraised, (those glorious eyes!) his breathing grew fainter and fainter, until his spirit passed away, and he was with the angels. Then, indeed, the song of thankfulness was in my heart, that his sufferings were ended, and he would feel pain no more.

Precious lamb! He left us about five o'clock on Fifth day morning. He was a remarkably affectionate child, and often during the day would run to me, saying, "Mother, let me *love* thee," then putting his fat little hands on my cheeks or around my neck, make a cooing, loving sound with his lips, and frequently to his dearly loved mother was the question

put—"I'm *thy* boy, am I not? Thee *loves* me, don't thee?" seeming as if he could not be told often enough that his mother *loved* him.

He was three years and five days old, and remarkably fine and healthy looking, with a certain manliness about him which always attracted strangers.

My tears *will* fall, and it has been very trying to me to recall and pen even this brief record, but I am anxious to have some account, though short, of her little brother, that his sister (if she lives) may refer to. He asked for "Sissy," the last day of his short life, but through fear of the disease being contagious, she was sent to her grandfather's and did not return until after his death. Perhaps she may remember him in his coffin, looking *so* angelic, and surrounded with flowers—fit emblems of the bud so recently transplanted to the heavenly garden. Dear little angel! what a happy thought for his parents that their little darling is one of that bright and happy band surrounding the Throne of God! Oh Heavenly Father! grant, I pray thee, that we may all be gathered a "Family in Heaven."

In 1854, her home was gladdened by the birth of another little boy—her third child; to him and to his sister Annie she devoted most of her time and

attention. You can never forget her tenderness, her loving sympathy with all your sorrows and with all your joys. You can never forget her care, her faithful, though mild reproval of any fault even after the languor of disease would, by most mothers, have been held as sufficient excuse for exemption from a most distasteful task. Her unwearied exertions to make you good and happy continued to the last. There is so much in those beautiful lines of Whittier, entitled "Gone," that might have been written for her, they are so fitting, that I have copied a portion of them.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of Autumn time,
Has left us, with the flowers.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound that could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

We miss her in the place of prayer
And by the hearth fires bright;

We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
  Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours,
  Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father, in thine arms,
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory sure to make
  Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she, who, trembling here,
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
  The well beloved of ours.

Your mother's benevolence was of the active order, and, though so devoted to her family, she found ample time and means for its exercise. The

little children who are sent from door to door with baskets of pins, tapes, shoestrings, and such trifles, and who are so often considered as an annoyance by the busy housekeeper, were never turned away uncared for. She always took time to attend to them, her sweet voice and kind words comforting many a poor outcast. Hers was that true charity of which St. Paul speaks. It "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." "It never faileth;" mindful of the Scripture injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," she seldom spoke of that, which, with her home duties, constituted the every day business of her life. Still the necessity of employing others to assist her, made some of her manifold acts of kindness known. A family in reduced circumstances enlisted her sympathies by the illness of their father. Theirs was the old sad story. Intemperance had brought poverty and sickness. In attending to his wants, your mother never forgot that he had known more prosperous days, and scarcely ever went out without seeking some delicacy to gratify him. He died. She clothed his children; and taking the eldest one, whom you knew as "Kate," into her own house, kept her during the day, and sent her home at

night with provisions for the little ones. "Kate" loved your mother dearly, and could scarcely be persuaded to leave her when a permanent home was offered to her. Poor child! Your mother's kind words and gentle manner had won more affection for her than money could buy.

Do you remember little Lizzie — bright-faced, pretty little Lizzie? It was after your mother's return from Cuba, that Lizzie was so badly burned while standing near a fire out on the common. The fire caught her under-clothes, and running up her right side almost to the waist, burned her terribly. Your mother attended the poor little suffering creature, ministering to her needs, and with a kindness far more rare, to her fancies. When the burns had to be dressed, she gave her "bright quarter dollars;" which, of course, helped her bear the pain more patiently. She used to take flowers to her, and when no longer able to do so, sent them by others. Under your mother's care, Lizzie grew better, so as to be brought in a little carriage to see her benefactress. It was near dinner time, and she had a palatable meal prepared for her and the children accompanying her, which some of them probably remember yet, they enjoyed it so much. But Lizzie's home was not to be on this earth. She

took a fever, grew worse, and died, not very long before her friend. When your mother was nearing the end of her pilgrimage, she said to S——, who was supporting her in her arms, "I do not know why it is that I see little Lizzie's face so bright before me, I never did much for her, yet she is a comfort to me now."

All around her home came in for a share of her attention. Her washwoman's clothing would be examined to see if it was warm enough for the weather, and repeatedly has she been known to take off a portion of her own dress, that she was wearing at the moment, in order to make another comfortable. R——, who lived so long with you, speaks so gratefully of the kindness she received. One instance particularly touched her heart.

She had been ill with measles, was recovering, but restless and uneasy. One night, when she could not sleep, your mother left her own warm bed, put a wrapper around her, and came to sit by her, that she might soothe and comfort the poor invalid, and talking kindly and tenderly to her, sympathized in all her feelings of distress. "It was always so with her; others first, herself last."

In 1857, she lost a dear and only sister, Anne, the wife of William E. Barber, between whom and

herself there existed a great unity of feeling and similarity of character. Anne's death was unexpected, and after a telegraphic message had been received announcing the afflicting intelligence, the slower mail brought to her father's house a letter from her, full of life and spirit. I remember your mother's effort to appear calm and composed, to speak cheerfully even then to the invalid father, who was so little able to bear the shock, as she sat there beside him. His greatest earthly joy was in his children, and he could say with Jacob: "If I am bereaved of my children, I *am* bereaved." Another year and he too passed away. A memorial of his public character has been published; but there is no record of him as husband, father, and friend, save in the hearts of those to whom he bore these relations. Towards the members of his family, his loving interest knew no bounds. Kind and genial in his manner, he had a pleasant word for every one. He was particularly fond of little children, and made himself so agreeable to them, that his grandchild, the daughter of his darling Anne, only fourteen months old when he died, remembered "grandpa" for a long time, so lovingly had the little childish heart gone out to him. His business habits, his strict integrity, and his kind

heart were so well known in his own community, that many, who had no particular claim upon him, chose him as guardian for the children they should leave. At one time he had charge of twenty-three wards. He did not make much outward profession of religion, but endeavored to fulfil his duties with the meek trustfulness of a little child, and his close was peaceful. He died, 12th month, 1858.

Soon after this, your mother's health became more delicate, slight exposures brought on cough, troublesome enough to make those who loved her anxious. A slight hemorrhage of the lungs, too, was an alarming symptom; and your father, on the approach of winter, took her into the Southern States, and from thence to Cuba, hoping for a permanent restoration of her health. For a time this hope seemed to be realized. She recovered, and, as she says in her letters, felt "perfectly well."

Some of the letters written during this journey, which she enjoyed so much, have been preserved, and a few of them copied for your perusal.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

January 25, 1860.

Edward on business, I for my health, and M—— H—— to meet her husband, started to-day on a trip through the Southern States to Cuba.

We left Philadelphia at 12 M., and arrived at Baltimore at about 4 P. M. We there took the steamboat "Louisiana," immediately for Portsmouth, Virginia.

It has been a charming day, and we enjoyed being out upon deck. Some ladies sat out until 9 o'clock at night, singing and playing on the guitar. The bay was very calm, and no one seemed the least sick. As the situation was somewhat novel to me, never having spent a night on a steamboat before, I did not rest very well.

26th. We arose about 4 o'clock this morning, and soon after passed Old Point Comfort, and about 6 o'clock landed at Portsmouth.

We took lodgings at the Macon House, and had a fire made in our room, which was a corner one, with two large beds in it.

At 11 o'clock this morning we went down to the Navy Yard to see the launch of the U. S. Steamship Richmond. It went off the stocks beautifully, and

as I had never seen a launch before, I enjoyed it very much.

After dinner M—— and I walked about the town, but did not get over to Norfolk, as E—— was too much engaged to take us.

We had a delightful night's rest, and, as we had every attention whilst here, we feel well disposed to recommend the *Macon* House to our friends.

Wrote to Annie H—— from here.

27th. We arose about 5½ o'clock, and after breakfasting, we took the cars to continue our journey. Our first stopping place was Weldon, where we changed cars for Wilmington, N. C. We stopped at Goldsborough for dinner, and left the very nice cars we had been in from Weldon. At Goldsborough, a young lady, who was an invalid, and in whom we were much interested on the journey from Baltimore to this place, stopped here to rest for a day. I fear she will never see her mother's home again. She was from Massachusetts, and on her way to Florida for the benefit of her health. She seemed to us in the last stages of consumption.

We arrived at Wilmington at 7·45 P. M., and took the boat across the Cape Fear River. It had been cloudy all day, but much to our surprise the young moon was now shining, and the stars showed

an unclouded sky. We had expected to take supper here, but found the house closed that had formerly been occupied as a railroad eating-house, so that we had to resort to our satchels for a repast.

28th. We arrived at Kingsville, S. C., at 6 A. M., having traveled all night, and there took breakfast. We here took the cars for Augusta, Georgia, where we arrived at 1·15 P. M., and took dinner at the Augusta Hotel. After dinner we took the cars of the Waynesboro Railroad to Millen, on the Georgia Central Road. We there again changed cars, and took the train from Macon to Savannah. We arrived at Savannah at 10 P. M., and took lodgings at the Pulaski House, where we enjoyed a good night's rest, after a weary ride of two days and a night.

LETTERS.

CHARLESTON HOTEL,

Charleston, February 1, 1860.

DEAR MOTHER:—I wrote to A—— T—— from Savannah, telling of all the incidents connected with our journey after we left Portsmouth, Va., to that place, and although I do not expect you will

see that letter, still there was nothing of enough importance to repeat here.

I will only say we left Portsmouth before daylight on Sixth day morning, reached Wilmington, N. C., that night, crossed the Cape Fear River in a ferry boat, continued our journey all night and all the next day, arriving in Savannah at ten o'clock, Seventh day night, glad enough to rest our weary limbs in a comfortable bed.

We felt quite refreshed next morning, and took a walk through the city, and were very much pleased with the appearance of it.

The streets are very wide, some of them with a double avenue of trees, but not paved, and now, as they have had no rain since September, are very deep with sand. There are several public squares, and a walk through some of them out Bull Street to the Park, in which there is a fine fountain playing, is a delightful promenade.

Mary and I walked about a great deal while there, the atmosphere was so delicious, and it was very pleasant to roam about, looking at the shrubbery in the yards.

The houses cannot boast of much beauty, although we understand there are some very wealthy families there. We saw large trees of the Camellia

japonica of all colors; Pyrus japonicas, and other shrubbery, full of bloom; many trees, too, in full foliage, of which we could not ascertain the names, though, of course, evergreen. The Live Oak is a fine tree, too, and all the green trees give the place an appearance of summer, when the weather is so much in unison to favor the impression. On Second day morning, as E—— was engaged, we started out to find Pattie J——. We had no difficulty, and were warmly welcomed. That afternoon, she and her brother Miller came to the hotel and invited us to take a drive out to Buena Ventura Cemetery, but when he tried to get a carriage, he found they were all out. We had made another attempt ourselves, and, after wasting all our afternoon, we found our driver was entirely ignorant, and could not find the place. Miller then took us to the top of the Town Hall to get a view of the city, and afterwards to see a church with stained glass windows.

The atmosphere was very hazy. "This is what the Yankees call Indian Summer," E—— heard some one remark. Last evening, at five o'clock, we left Savannah, having spent three days there very pleasantly, and took the boat for this place.

For two or three hours we sat on deck and enjoyed the scene; the gradual disappearance or fad-

ing of the spires of Savannah; the golden sunset; the great red globe like a ball of fire sinking down heavily; then the lighting up of the clouds in every imaginable color; the hues reflected on the water; the islands that we passed, and the widening of the river, as we neared the sea: all these combined to form a picture whose beauty we shall always remember, or which perhaps shall only be displaced by more beautiful scenes which we shall probably hereafter visit.

We could only feel its beauty, and wish all we loved were with us to enjoy it; but about dark (no, not *dark*, for the moon, half full, was shining beautifully), or when it got too cool to stay out longer, was the time we were "crossing the bar," and getting out to sea; then supper was announced, and some, who half an hour before were wishing it was ready, had to retire to their berths instead, and we could imagine from the noise we heard, what was going on in there.

We amused ourselves a while laughing at them, but felt it safest not to go down to supper; we even declined a cup of tea that "Auntie," the stewardess, offered to bring us.

After a while, I heard M——, exclaiming, "Oh! what a peculiar sensation!" and pretty soon, "the

peculiar sensation" continuing, we thought it best to retire. While lying still we were very comfortable, but felt fully aware what the result would be if we did *not* do so. We did not sleep much, and I felt like humming fragments of songs—"A life on the ocean wave;" "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," &c., until past midnight, when I fell into broken slumbers, dreamed we had reached home, found there plenty of snow and ice, and was delighted, at 6 o'clock, to find that we had reached the wharf at Charleston.

We were fortunate in procuring a room at this hotel, as it is the commencement of the races, and every place is said to be full.

It was said at the boat-landing, by a runner from the hotel, "I don't know about getting the ladies in, as there were one hundred and fifty persons rejected yesterday, and no ladies have been admitted for some days." However, as we were the first from the boat, we found that one room had just been vacated, which we were glad to take, and which can be made very comfortable, if nothing better offers, which is not likely, as the races continue three days, and by the end of that time we expect to be on the blue sea.

Mother, you must all make allowance for the

state of my head when you read this; it still has the motion of the boat, and I feared at first that I should not be able to write at all to-day. M—— and E—— are endeavoring to take some rest: M—— says I make her feel lazy; but she does not think she could write to-day, and E—— has one of his bad headaches. I have given him a dose of hartshorn, and hope he will get a nap, and awake much better, especially as he has a good deal of business to attend to.

I think I may conclude I am doing pretty well to keep up, but will wait until our three days' voyage is over, before I boast.

Immediately after breakfast this morning we walked out to see the market. There was nothing particularly interesting in it, only some fine fruit, and it was curious to see that all the sellers were negroes, and also strange to see the turkey buzzards waiting for their share of the offal which was thrown them occasionally.

E—— had written from Savannah to a friend of his here, to engage state-rooms on board the Isabel; but, owing to the detention of the mail, the letter did not reach him until this morning, and the gentleman had just received it when E—— entered his office; so they went together down to the boat, and

found that all in the ladies' cabin had been taken; but probably we will fare quite as well with second best.

This appears to be a very fine house; the proprietors so attentive to every want. It blew pretty hard after we landed this morning, and even rained some, and the inhabitants were hoping for a rainy day, as they say the wells have been dry for some time, and they are now using Artesian water. It has now cleared off delightfully, and looks very pleasant without, and I hope my companions will feel well enough after awhile for a walk. You must not suppose, because I have not named the children before, they are last in my thoughts.

We are in great hopes of having letters to-morrow, if not to-day, as it is just a week since we left home; yet it seems more like a month, I suppose because we have not heard from you.

I found my Christmas present a great comfort in the early part of our journey.

I wonder how A—— is getting along with her lessons, and sometimes I find myself fearing the children will need their summer clothing, it is so hard to realize that it is cold with you.

In Savannah, it was said they always knew the northern ladies, because they held up their skirts; the Southerners let them sweep along, knowing the

sand will easily shake off. We met some very pleasant ladies from Baltimore, not personally acquainted with M—— H——, but who knew R—— M—— very well.

A beautiful bunch of violets has just been handed in for me with Captain Johnson's compliments. I send one or two as a specimen. They came while we were at dinner. E—— could not go down to dinner with us; his head ached too much. Tell A—— M——, that while we were enjoying bananas we thought of her. I enjoyed the sherbet, the water is so disagreeable.

M—— is writing to our cousins in West Chester, and I will postpone mine to them until another time. I hope W—— has got rid of his cold long ago.

I am very glad we have the children's likenesses with us. Tell them their father will write to them soon. M—— has had a good nap, and feels better. I want to write to J. P. D——, and will try and write to some of you again before we leave this city.

We have not had the least unpleasant or uncomfortable thing occur to us since we left home, and are having quite a good time. With love to all, and kisses to the children,

Thine ever,

ELMA.

Charleston Hotel,
Charleston, S. C., February 2, 1860.

Dear E——, I do not want to leave the United States, which we expect to do to-morrow, without sending thee a few words of greeting, and although it is not a very good time to write, in the evening, the gas in our room being so high, I will, at least, commence a letter.

I presume thee may have heard of our arrival at Savannah, as I wrote to "Aunt A——" from there, so I will not repeat any of that part of our journey.

Savannah is a very pretty city, with wide streets, and avenues of trees running through some of the principal ones; with many public squares, and in the yards plenty of shrubbery in bloom even now. Japonicas of the size of large trees, almost concealing the fronts of the houses in some cases, and vines in great profusion.

It was pleasantly warm while we were there, and, although the natives were complaining of the cold weather, they had been without fire and sitting with open windows for two or three weeks; but, excepting the last day we were there, a little fire in the morning and evening was pleasant.

In our ride out, we saw peas up about six inches,

and both there and here we had fresh shad. We met an acquaintance there, the lady I told thee we saw in the passenger car, whom "Uncle B——" will remember, Pattie McC——. Her brother has a good school there.

On Third day evening at five o'clock, we left the Pulaski House, Savannah, and went on board the "William Seabrook," on our way to this place.

Thee will remember that Savannah is situated some sixteen or eighteen miles from the sea. On our way down the river, we sat out on deck, (it had been a very warm day,) and enjoyed the scene. The sunset; the hurrying to their night's roost of thousands upon thousands of black birds, settling on the islands in the river, which were fairly black with them; the clouds so gloriously beautiful, and after a while the moon, in full splendor, spreading her light upon the waves, were all enjoyed, until about the time we were "crossing the bar," (Uncle B—— can tell thee what that is,) when there came a *peculiar sensation*, and one hardly knew what was the matter.

About this time supper was ready, but I believe none of the ladies went down to it. We found it most prudent to turn into our berths and lie as quietly as possible, to avoid being sea-sick, and so

we escaped, although whenever we raised our heads we had to fall back again very quickly.

It was a relief, about 6 A.M. yesterday, to find ourselves at the wharf. We were up and ready to go ashore, by which we secured the only room to be had in this hotel, as it is filled to overflowing on account of the races which take place once a year, and last three days.

We have taken some walks, and find this a fine old city. Very many of the houses are built with the gable ends to the street, and with large piazzas overlooking the yards. The battery is the crowning spot of beauty. I cannot describe it here, but hope to have the pleasure some day.

To-morrow we expect to drive around and see more of the city, "Uncle E——" being too busy to go with us to-day. This morning "Aunt M——" and I went to see a musical prodigy, "Blind Tom," a colored lad, not ten years old, who can play and sing anything he ever hears once. He has never had an hour's instruction in his life. Truly, he is wonderful to hear and see, and is very comical, too. How thee would laugh to see his odd gestures! He is a real African in features; his lips project far beyond his nose. Poor fellow! he seems full of music, and, I have little doubt, can dance as well as sing.

We received letters from Philadelphia to-day, the first we have had since leaving there. I had one from J. P. D——, E——, one from the firm, and Aunt M——, one from R——, and one from Uncle A—— enclosed therein. When the latter was written he was about to leave Matanzas, and he had not heard of her expected visit to him, but most likely he has heard by this time. It seems a month since we left home, we have traveled and seen so much. I suppose thee is now established at Uncle B——'s, and A—— has gone to West Chester. How does school go by this time? I imagine thee trudging along in the snow, for it blew up so cold here last night, with the wind right from the north, we think you must have severe weather up there. We had a beautiful bouquet of violets sent us yesterday by a friend of Uncle E——, and I should like to enclose thee a few to let thee realize it is, indeed, spring here, only that I think the letter will be full enough if Aunt M—— gets one written to put in it to Aunt R——.

How pleasant it is to have her with us! and as Uncle A—— writes that he intends returning by way of New Orleans, possibly it may suit for all of us to return together; but that we will leave for the present.

Our state-rooms have been taken in the Isabel,

and this time to-morrow night, most likely, we shall be on board, although she will probably not sail until after midnight. Then, on the wide, wide ocean, how far it will seem to be carrying us from home and friends! But we are still in our Heavenly Father's care, and I feel as if I can rest secure under his kind protection, and leave my loved ones also in his hands.

Farewell, dear E——. I hope thee will have a happy time, although, no doubt, a little lonely without thy sister; but thee loves children, and little B—— is a dear little fellow.

Give my love to thy aunt and uncle, and once more accept love from thy AUNT ELMA.

HOTEL LEGRAND,
Havana, February 11, 1860.

DEAR W——, I have been thinking, this morning, of complying with thy request to write to thee, and yet it is with quite an effort that I gather my materials and sit down to do what is always a pleasure to me; for one feels here so like lounging about, or sitting with book in hand, gazing into the street at all the curious sights at every moment pre-

sented to our American eyes. Having been here three days, the excitement of the novelty has, in a degree, subsided, and given place to an indolent feeling, which makes it difficult to accomplish anything in particular.

We have not long since returned from a walk and ride, which were very interesting. A company of five ladies and a gentleman got in three volantes at the door and started to the Cathedral, wishing to see the spot where the remains of Columbus now lie; but it was eleven o'clock when we reached there, and we should have been there by nine, or not until three P.M. We will try it again to-morrow morning, and go to Mass.

We then went into the fish market, where are exposed on marble stalls the greatest variety, and most beautiful-colored fish I ever saw. I had supposed those high colors we see in the paintings of fish were exaggerated, but I now see they are true to nature.

We walked into one of the large squares, the "Plaza de Armas," fronting which is the Governor's Palace and other public buildings. There is a row of trees, forming the densest shade, and in the enclosure of the iron railing there is a fine fountain and a statue of Ferdinand, also a great many

flowers, amongst which the gaudy Hibiscus is prominent. There are palm trees, too, and in this square the Government band plays every evening.

We are situated on the "Paseo de Tacon," outside the city walls, at LeGrand's Hotel, and, of course, our dishes are in French style, rather than Spanish. Indeed, we have excellently cooked meals and fruit in abundance. Those who wish it have coffee sent to their rooms. Then at nine or ten o'clock (mostly the latter) we breakfast, and dine at four or five. One only wants two meals a day here.

Our beds are cots, perfectly clean, with fine linen sheets, but only the sacking, and not even a blanket. Indeed, but for our shawls, we would suffer with cold at night. The season is delightful. We never walk or ride without mantilla or shawl, and in the evenings, or rather after five o'clock, we find quite a large shawl comfortable in the house.

We understand, by the Quaker City, which arrived yesterday, that there has been considerable snow in New York. We have some New Yorkers as fellow-boarders, with whom we became acquainted on the Isabel, and as there are three ladies, we can be a little independent, though we generally like to have one gentleman in company when we go out.

Sir William Gore Ousely, his lady, and daughter are here, and very quiet, unpretending people they are. I thought our rooms were pretty high up, until I discovered theirs were on the house-top.

What a beautiful view we have from there! Indeed, the city reminds one of an oriental city. The eye is pleased with the variety of colors in the houses, which are built of a white stone and painted in very bright colors; blue, yellow, and green predominating.

The other evening we took a walk through the city, in order to see the interior of the houses and stores, and this is the time the Cuban ladies take to do their shopping. They do not get out of the volantes, but have the goods brought to them. How would that suit our ladies?

We find, by making inquiry at "La Dominica's" confectionery, that we can have guava prepared at fifty cents per pound; but that is too much, and we hope there may be some other opportunity of getting it. We walked, this morning, through the manufactory where it is prepared, and saw it put up in every variety of style. By the way, W——, we have it every day, and then I always think of thee. What we have here is delightful, and I truly enjoy it.

The bananas are luscious, and the oranges also. We almost always have eight or ten by us, and generally eat them at breakfast and dinner, never in the evening. The other morning we went to market and picked out a dozen of the finest, the size of cocoanuts, and gave two dimes for them. We had a green cocoanut cut, in which was a quart of a pure, clear liquid, which is considered very nice, but it was too much like sweetened water for my taste.

We talk of going to Matanzas next Second day, and shall probably be absent a week. E—— will go also to Trinidad, and leaves it to me to go, with the prospect of some hardships, or to stay with M——. I have not decided, but I think I will go, as I want to see all I can.

We have had an invitation to visit a Cuban house this evening, and as it is now time to dress for dinner, I will stop and leave room to give thee a description of it. Adieu.

First day afternoon. We have some idea of going to Matanzas to-morrow morning early, so I will continue my letter. We called upon Mr. and Mrs. Downs last evening, and were very much pleased with our reception. They reside in a very handsome house, with marble floors and immensely high

ceilings, an open court-yard, of course, and the handsome volante and carriage in the front entrance. Mrs. D—— is a New Yorker, I think, and has only been here since October. Her husband has been in business here four years. We saw a large turtle lying there, and to-day an invitation to dine with them was sent, but we did not get it; and when Mr. D—— came, about an hour before dinner, to invite us in person, our gentlemen could not accept the invitation, much as they wished to do so, because of a prior engagement.

This lady has been very polite to us, and I like her exceedingly.

As it is growing late, and I must prepare for our journey to-morrow, I will conclude.

Affectionately thine, ELMA.

HOTEL LEGRAND,

Havana, February 13, 1860.

DEAR S——, When in a far off land, one's thoughts recur to the friends we love, and consequently it has been my wish for some days to write to thee, and as thee may have heard of our contemplated journey to Cuba, thee will doubtless be

glad to hear of our safe arrival in this place, a week ago this day.

We took state-rooms aboard of the Isabel at Charleston, and were four days and nights on the passage. We had no storm, but a very rough sea, and most of the passengers were quite sick. The second day out, we all became unable to help ourselves or each other, and I found that the word "sea-sick" does not convey the same meaning to one who has not felt its wretchedness, as it does to one experienced therein. It is perfectly dreadful. On First day, just as the bell was about to give notice of dinner to the favored few who could go to the table, the ship gave a lurch, and all the dinner went off on the floor, the plate and china coming down with a tremendous crash. In the ladies' saloon, the glass from the tables and wash-stands spun across the floor in fragments. M—— and I never had our clothing off, nor even loosed, from Sixth day night, when we went aboard, until Third day evening, after we arrived here.

We lay on the sofas in the ladies' saloon. Before telling thee anything about the products of this beautiful island, let me give thee an idea of how we are fixed in this hotel.

It is outside of the city walls, and is beautifully

situated on the "Paseo de Tacon," a fine large avenue with double rows of trees; indeed I believe there are six rows, and it is about twice the width of Broad Street, Philadelphia. It is one of the principal drives, and after four o'clock the sea breeze arises, when the ladies come out in their *volantes*, a very curious vehicle, of which I hope to show thee a picture sometime. The ladies are always dressed in some light fabric, and have their heads uncovered, except sometimes a veil thrown over them. The "Teatro de Tacon" is next door to us, and every evening is well attended. There is always a company of soldiers about the door to preserve order, although I think I never saw a more orderly or a more good-natured set of people.

The Cuban houses are built in the form of a hollow square, with a court-yard in the centre, which makes them cool and pleasant, as the rooms all open on the balcony surrounding the open space. They have no bells, and when a servant is wanted, they step out on the piazza and call.

It is even so in this hotel, and one constantly hears "Antonio," "Domingo," Juan," and so forth.

This is a restaurant with lodgings, and kept in the French style, the cooking being much more palatable than the Spanish, where everything is

seasoned with garlic and onions. Our beds are cots, no mattress; nothing but fine linen sheets and pillows, almost as hard as a stone.

We have "Charles" for chamber*maid*, as there are no female servants in the establishment.

We pay seven dollars per day for lodgings and two meals. When we get up in the morning, we have a cup of coffee if we wish, and oranges; at nine to ten we breakfast, always having claret and fruit instead of coffee; at four or five we dine with a plentiful dessert of fruit, guava jelly, or marmalade.

Oh! the rich creamy bananas and fine luscious oranges! We get a dozen of the very finest for a dime. How often we wish our friends were with us to enjoy these things! We had at our table at first a company of six; and I so often think of our pleasant jaunt to Cincinnati, and how very much thee and Mrs. K—— would enjoy yourselves here. And D——, too; how we would enjoy his company! Indeed, Sue, there is much here to provoke a laugh; so many queer sights. The young negro children run about quite unconscious of the want of clothing, and our gentlemen were a good deal surprised the other day to see a lady standing with a little dog in one arm, and the other thrown around a dirty little

negro without any clothing. Mistress and slave, white and black, all seem to mingle together, the children of the master and slaves hugging and kissing each other with the greatest fondness. The ladies here seldom walk out, and their shopping is done in the evening. They stop at the store doors in their volantes, and the articles are brought out for them to examine. *That* would not suit *our* ladies, would it? The Americanos walk through the city, but it is not very pleasant, for the reason that the sidewalks are only about eighteen inches wide, and as the volantes whisk past with their great wheels, there is danger of being dragged off, unless you are constantly watching.

The streets are very narrow, only wide enough for two vehicles to pass. We were invited to a Cuban house the other evening, although the inmates, Mr. and Mrs. Downs, were formerly of New York city.

They have a very handsome house, and, as usual, the volante blocked up the front entrance. No glass in the windows, only bars; and as the inmates stand there, they always remind me of prisoners looking out. We had an invitation to dine there on First day, and Mrs. D—— has kindly offered to go shopping with me; of which offer I shall gladly

avail myself upon our return from Matanzas, where we expect to go to-morrow, to be absent a week or more.

M—— went there yesterday, as A—— is there. (Did thee know A——'s wife came out with us?)

I have not said anything about the pleasant drives there are around this city, and how very much we enjoyed one the other evening. The palm and cocoa-palm, the bread fruit and banana trees, with their fruit upon them, are pretty features in the landscape, and give an oriental aspect to its appearance; and there are many Chinamen here who help to favor the impression.

We have been going about considerably, but our gentlemen are so much engaged that we cannot go as often as we would wish, and ladies never walk out alone. We went to the Cathedral to hear Mass on First day morning, and again at twelve o'clock to hear a grand Te Deum performed in honor of the birth of a princess of Spain.

Of course the Captain-General and all the dignitaries of the island were present. We also saw the spot where the ashes of Columbus are laid. It is to the right of the altar.

E—— has come in and says "breakfast;" and as it is almost ten o'clock, I begin to feel like wanting it myself. When we went down to breakfast, there

was a boy in the passage with most beautiful bouquets of roses and other sweet flowers, whose fragrance was perceptible before we came in sight of them. They buy them here, and set them on our tables. We have a great deal of guava jelly and marmalade, which are really delightful, and I enjoy them much.

We have not yet heard from home, and I fear we will not before leaving for Matanzas. We also expect to go to Trinidad.

The climate here now is charmingly pleasant, just warm enough; and there is so much breeze from the gulf that we can always wear a shawl and feel comfortable.

I will tell thee, as I have told some of my other friends, if you want to know just how we are situated, get a little book written by R. H. Dana, called "To Cuba and Back, a Vacation Voyage."

We have been reading it on the spot, and find it entirely correct in its descriptions; and as it was written just a year ago, even the same servants are still here.

Give my love to Mrs. K——. I think of you both very often. Much love to D—— and thyself, from E—— and

Thy affectionate friend,

ELMA.

Ensor House,
Matanzas, Cuba, February 18, 1860.

Dear Sister:—I have written to West Chester and to Philadelphia, and cannot but think thee may have heard of our safe arrival in this island; but when taking a different view of the subject, I remember thee is quite distant from the rest of our friends, and it might only be by accident thee would hear; so, although it is an old story now, I will give thee an account of our journey.

When we left home, we first stopped at Portsmouth, Virginia, one day and night; then traveled day and night until we reached Savannah, where we remained three days. It is a very pleasant city, of wide streets, public squares, and trees, and flowers in profusion. We there took the boat one fine afternoon for Charleston, where we arrived the next morning. Having concluded our business there, we took passage on board the Isabel, a steamer bound for Havana. M—— H—— was in company, and a Mr. D——, from Philadelphia, a friend of E——'s.

We enjoyed ourselves that night, and until 10 o'clock next day, when the sea became very rough, and all began to feel sick. E—— retired to his berth, but M—— and I remained on sofas in the

ladies' saloon, two days and nights, in which time. we never saw E——, but Mr. D—— acted as messenger between us, not being sick himself.

There was but one lady who could take her place at table, during that time. By the third day all were well enough to be on deck, and view with delight our passage across the gulf stream, and into the beautiful harbor of Havana.

It was the most beautiful panorama my eyes ever beheld. We were in Havana about a week, then came to this place three days ago, and intend continuing our journey to Trinidad, on the south side of the island, in a day or two. We want to be back to Havana, and spend a few days there before taking the De Soto (from New York) for New Orleans, the beginning of next month. A—— is here in business, and M—— intends remaining with him until June, or the heat of the weather drives them home. The weather now is perfectly charming. We have only a roof over us, otherwise we live out of doors, and, although pretty hot in the sun, the sea breeze makes it exceedingly pleasant.

All the vegetables and fruits are brought in from the country, in panniers, and every morning we supply ourselves with fine oranges at the door. We generally eat several before and at dinner, but it is

not well to indulge in fruit in the evening; indeed one never needs it then, having dined at four or five o'clock.

Yesterday we took a ride up the mountain to get a view of "El Valle Del Yumuri," and a more beautiful prospect one could not well imagine. The tall and graceful palm tree is a beautiful feature in the landscape, and on the mountain we saw a garden with a great variety of fruits and flowers, many of them entirely unknown to us, but amongst them oleander and pomegranate, and orange trees of great size and beauty, with hedges of cactus and aloes in bloom. We have now upon our table, all kinds of vegetables, but no butter, and the meats not very good; but things are cooked in American style at this house, and we can get along pretty well. We pay seven dollars per day here, and, indeed, those who come to Cuba must make up their minds to part with their dollars freely, as everything is at fabulous prices. I suppose the reason is that there is not half the year that the houses will pay for being kept open, and marketing is very dear.

We have been down on the beach two or three times, which is covered with small shells, and, of course, one feels interested in picking them up for the little ones at home.

It is now about three weeks since I heard from home, and shall not hear very soon, unless we should get letters to-day, as after that we shall have to wait until after our return to Havana. Next door to us there is a great number of chickens being trained for cock-fighting, and they keep up a constant crowing. We went in to see them. The owners seem to have a high estimate of their value, and ask two dollars for some, but I could see no difference between them and ordinary chickens.

E—— and Mr. D—— have gone over to Bemba this morning, and I am to go and spend the day with M—— at her boarding house. If the gentlemen should not return this evening, they wish me to take the baggage and meet them to-morrow *en route* for Trinidad.

Everything is uncertain in this country. You cannot find out anything to a certainty, and it is one of the slowest places in the world to do business.

There are many things I could tell thee, but a description on paper does not convey a very good idea, and I shall hope for an opportunity of telling things in person, if we are, indeed, so blessed as to meet again in this world. I can scarcely imagine you are in the midst of winter, here where ice is such a luxury, although I must say we get plenty of it, at which I am rather surprised.

Would it not be delightful, dear sister, if we could meet at Washington, as you propose being there this winter?

After we leave Havana we expect to land in New Orleans, and then make our way up through the "States." We do not expect to reach home before the middle of April. Only think, not to know what is going on in our native land all this long time!

Give my love to Abraham and Ada, kiss little Abraham for me, and if thee will write to me, send it to the office and it will be forwarded to us, as E—— keeps his partners advised of our movements.

Farewell, dear sister, with love as ever.

ELMA.

HOTEL DE LA GRANDE ANTILLA,
Trinidad de Cuba, February 24, 1860.

DEAR S——, I have commenced two or three letters to thee, and I have never yet sent one; but now, having an hour or two unappropriated, I will try to finish and send it from this place, although thee will receive it no sooner than if we should take it back to Havana, and mail it from there.

I will extract a little from my journal which was written yesterday.

"Six and a half o'clock, A. M. Aboard the boat lying at Cienfuegos. We took the cars at Havana yesterday morning and rode about thirty-eight miles to Batabano, where we went aboard the "Vapor Rapeda," at nine and a half o'clock, and had a very pleasant ride along the south side of the island, running between the small islands and the shore, consequently there was nothing to make the passage rough. It was very agreeable and I enjoyed it exceedingly.

We reached this place at two o'clock in the night, and shall lie here until nine and a half o'clock this morning. E—— and Mr. D—— have gone up into the town, and I must own to feeling a little uncomfortable, being the only female left in the boat, and such a number of swarthy-looking men, but as civil a company as one would meet anywhere.

At dinner, yesterday, we sat at an L shaped table, we at the angle, and as soon as the first course was served, a bronze dish with live coals was handed around, and all these ugly men took out their cigars and commenced smoking in earnest. Of course, we had to finish our meal in a perfect cloud of smoke, and so it is always. If they smoke at meals,

you may imagine they do it everywhere else, in the cars, in the parlors—everywhere. In other respects, they are a very temperate people, and all do not drink even the light claret wine, which is always on the table.

Yesterday, there was a Spanish girl on board, and we tried to make ourselves agreeable to each other; but we tried in different ways. *She* went into her state-room and brought out cigars, one of which she lighted for herself and offered one to me. I took it, of course, but informed her it would make me sick. Most likely she wondered at my want of good taste. After E—— returned, we walked up into the town again, gathered some flower seeds from the Plaza, and now await the starting of the boat, after which we shall have breakfast.

After starting again, the boat rocked a good deal, and I was obliged to lie down all the rest of the way. I was sorry, for there was some very beautiful scenery along shore.

We arrived here in time for five o'clock dinner, and are very much pleased with the place. The hotel where we stop is beautifully situated, fronting the harbor, on very high ground, in front of the Plaza, and last night the band enlivened us with their national airs.

This is a fine house for a hotel. It was originally inhabited by the Governor, but now he has another in the centre of the city, with a very large and handsome plaza in the front.

After leaving Havana, we went to Matanzas, where we staid three or four days, and then to Cardenas, where we remained two nights, and were fortunate enough to find, at Mrs. Woodbury's, a good house, nice clean beds, as far as she could control matters, but oh! the mosquitoes and fleas! We were glad to get away, although it is a pleasant place in many respects. I have thought, sometimes, that if Annie was with us they would "drive her wild." I am covered with bites, and would be quite disfigured if they swelled on me as on some persons. Until coming to this house, we have never been without some of the company who were aboard the Isabel, and we have always been fortunate enough to meet with some who could "speak English."

Last night, my rest on the boat was rather disturbed, and I constantly dreamed of home, and thee coming down to the city to meet me, but never saw any of the children. Was not that vexatious?

One sees very few ladies here in traveling either on boat or cars, and there is not much preparation made for their accommodation. The ladies do not

wear bonnets, but when they wear anything on their heads it is a flat, and almost always with feathers, which is the winter trimming, I suppose.

Thee may tell Nathan I no longer wonder at his thinking our coffee and bread and butter the best he ever ate, on coming to our house so soon after his arrival in a civilized country. We left off butter before we left the "States," because it was so soft, but now we never see it on table and do not miss it.

Yesterday, on the boat, we had for dessert, filberts and raisins, figs and cheese, guava, marmalade, and very nice yellow plums and apricots, done up in their own syrup as if in cans. They handed the iced lemonade around as freely as water, and we have almost always had plenty of ice except at this place.

We find thin clothing quite comfortable, although thick dresses are not too heavy because of the fine sea-breeze.

Let Annie take her atlas and trace our course from Havana, south to Batabano, and then along the coast to Cienfuegos, or "hundred fires," to Trinidad.

I am quite anxious to hear how Annie is getting along with her studies; perhaps she has found them almost too difficult. And dear Herman, does he

still have an opportunity of taking little Annie out sledding?

It is very difficult to imagine you in midwinter; indeed, I am almost sorry to miss our delightful winter weather. Talk of the charms of sunny skies, of flowers and fruits, but when once home again you will never again find me here for pleasure, I think. Do not think from that sentence that I am at all sorry for having come; I have never seen any cause to regret it yet; but I think once will suffice, unless for health, and then, I am sure it is a dreadful place to be in sickness. There is a young man here from New York who is very sick; he has had inflammation of the liver, and been blistered and leeched, and reduced until he is almost dead, but he is better this morning.

I wrote to Lizzie T—— from Havana, and Annie T—— from Matanzas; perhaps thee will see their letters.

Instead of staying here a few days to rest, which would be very pleasant, as we have been traveling four or five days, we must leave again to-morrow morning in the boat *en route* to Havana. We expect to start for the "States" about the fifth of March, (to New Orleans,) and E—— will keep you advised of our movements. I wrote to Amy this morning,

and as there may be some things told in either, that are not in the other, you may exchange a reading of them. But, dear me! I always find, after having written a letter, that I have said nothing as I would have wished. It is midday and very warm.

With much love to mother, and all the dear children and friends,

Truly thine,

ELMA.

LE GRAND HOTEL,
Havana, Feb. 28, 1860.

DEAR M——, After leaving you that morning, we had a pleasant ride to Bemba, where we were obliged to wait about two hours, while the gentlemen went out to see a friend. I sat in the upper portion of a dirty "fonda" or tavern, and made my dinner on bread and oranges; for, although the table was set and dinner was ready, there was such a smell of onions, and such a real Spanish looking dinner, that we could not think of eating there.

When we started again, we found our baggage had been left behind on the platform of the depot, and of course we were no little worried, knowing we could not possibly get it *before* the next day, if *then;* but we met with a very kind gentleman, who pro-

mised to telegraph for it, and through the attentions of him and the administrator, Mr. Henrique, we got it safely next day. Do not go to Cardenas for *pleasure*, for though Mrs. Woodbury keeps a very nice house, one is almost devoured by the mosquitoes and fleas. They are really dreadful.

Next morning, Mr. Henrique very kindly placed a locomotive and car at our command, and took us some twenty-eight miles out to see a sugar plantation, one of the largest on the island, containing eight thousand acres, and having on it between eight and nine hundred slaves, who, with the addition of some coolies, made about one thousand persons at work on it.

Mr. Duggan, the administrator, was not at home; but his wife kindly took us through the buildings where the sugar is made, and we had an excellent opportunity of seeing every thing connected with the manufacture of that article, even to the naked little children in the part assigned to them. It is called the San Martien Estate.

That trip took us all day, and the next morning we arose before daylight, as *usual*, and came back to Havana, preferring to do so to staying at San Felipe, and thinking it would be best to get our letters before going into the island. We arrived

here the last night of Carnival. The streets presented a very gay scene. Thousands, masked and unmasked, were passing along them, indulging in all the merriment peculiar to that holiday.

We could not get a room, and had to occupy the parlor. We did not get to bed till midnight, and the revelry was kept up until daylight.

As we left for the cars next morning, they were taking down booths, and in some sort restoring order for the day. When we returned here, we found the Gookins still here, Mrs. Barrow and her party, and, in all, about seventeen ladies.

The day we started for Trinidad we had a very pleasant run in the boat to Cienfuegos. There was only one lady aboard besides myself, and she was Spanish. By way of politeness she offered me a cigar, and wished me to enjoy a social smoke with her. We started from Cienfuegos about half-past nine o'clock the next morning, and that part of the way I had to be in my berth all the time, the water was so rough.

We were much pleased with the appearance of Trinidad, and liked it much better than any place we have yet seen. There were there a Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, from Byberry. She is staying for her health, and is the only lady staying at the house

where we stopped. It is a French hotel, and, as here, they have only men servants.

There was a Mr. Winter lying very ill there. I was well enough satisfied to leave there, for the first night we found our rooms pretty well occupied with those large roaches, on the curtains, tables, and floor; and, worse than all, next morning we found a scorpion in our wash-basin.

We went over the two days' journey again, and arrived at Havana after six o'clock, on First day evening, and as they would not deliver our baggage that night, because we were behind time, we could not make a change until next morning. Is this not a great country?

We received letters here as late as the 17th of this month.

When we returned this time, we had to occupy Miss LeGrand's room the first night, and last night one not any better; but this morning we have the promise of the best one in the house. It opens on the balcony. The late occupants have gone to Matanzas, and expect to sail in the De Soto, the same day with us, probably it will be on next Seventh day afternoon.

We have a norther blowing; it is as cool as it ever is here, they say, but more pleasant than the hot weather we had while in Trinidad.

Excuse me from writing more, dear M——, as I have been quite sick for a day or two, but feel a little better this morning, although very weak and my head rather light, for want of some breakfast, I suppose.

With much love, ever truly thy friend and sister.

ELMA.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

New Orleans, March 12, 1860.

DEAR R——, I wrote to Grandma since our arrival here, but I will take the opportunity of our long stay at this place to write a few lines, in return for the very pleasant letter thee sent me from Philadelphia.

We are now very comfortably fixed in a room on the second floor front, which is in every respect so different from those we occupied in Cuba, that it is as cosy and homelike as possible. We have some very pleasant company, too, although part of the party, E—— and Carrie P—— and Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and the two Misses Brooks, from New York, have left to-day for Mobile, intending to come back on Fourth day, on which day we expect to go there, but E—— says we will try to meet in Columbia, and journey the rest of the way home together.

Grandma knows who the P——s are; Carrie is a very pleasant lady. I have thought how much *thee* would enjoy the company of the Misses Brooks; they are cousins, and one of them so much resembles our dear Rebecca, that, while I was pondering over the likeness, Carrie P—— remarked, how much she looked like Richard D——; she did not know Rebecca.

Although yesterday was First day, it is chief market day here, and accordingly we went to see the French Market. It is quite a sight, and all are jabbering French. We were most interested in looking at the fruit and flowers.

After coming from the market we took a late breakfast, and then visited some of the cemeteries. They are very unlike ours, as they cannot bury under ground here, on account of the dampness, for they come to water after digging a few feet. The vaults are built above ground, and the coffins are enclosed in them, and wreaths of flowers are hung in front of these, and bouquets in water placed before them, and in some cases there are vases or glasses built in the wall, to place the flowers in.

I must own there were not so many natural flowers as I expected to see, many of them being made from paper and beads.

We intend riding about to-morrow, to see as much as we can of the city, if it should not rain, and we have not had a rainy day since we left home, except that we had two or three showers whilst in Cuba.

Tell thy father, "Sir Joshua" has his picture here on exhibition, and Uncle E—— intends going to see him to-night.

Doctor Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C., has promised me some "Continental Money," if it does not turn out, as is too often the case, that "it has all just been destroyed." He has been Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Columbia College, and seems to be interested in things generally. He has left this city for a few days, and will not probably be at home by the time we pass through Columbia, but has promised to send them to us after his arrival at home. He studied his profession with Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, and has just been to Cuba for his health.

He has published letters of his trip, which I hope to procure in Columbia.

How I should like to have thee, Annie and Hallie, with us, whilst staying here! there is so much that would interest you; and, perhaps not least, the *fashions*. Some of the ladies dress elegantly, and, as a general thing, in good taste. Many of them,

no doubt, are the wives and daughters of the planters, who do not get here, probably, more than once a year.

E—— and I were much amused yesterday at table, hearing a lady and gentleman talking "Zeff." Does thee know the language? S—— can explain it.

I was wishing I was near enough to make a remark in the same dialect; I know it would have surprised them, for they had no idea anybody understood it, and I felt almost sure they must have learned it from W. Conard, as so few persons know it.

Thee can tell Annie I bought a little book, by the author of the book she used to enjoy so much, "Queer Bonnets;" it is "Edith, the Back-woods Girl." I expect Annie and Herman are enjoying themselves so much with you, that they will almost regret to see us come home to take them back to the city.

With much love to all, believe me thy loving aunt,

ELMA.

St. Charles Hotel,

New Orleans, March 14, 1860.

Dear Aunt:—Thee wished to hear from us as soon as we arrived at home, and although we have not yet reached Philadelphia, I think a letter will be no less interesting coming from this place to inform you of our safe arrival, once more, upon American soil.

It was a week yesterday since we landed in this city, after a very quick and pleasant voyage from Havana. We came over in the New York steamer, the De Soto, and it is one to be recommended in every respect. There were about one hundred passengers, with many of whom we had become acquainted in going over to Havana from Charleston, and with some of them while on the island. We spent four weeks in Cuba, and had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, besides several of the cities. We were at Cardenas, Matanzas, and Trinidad, which last-named place is on the south side of the island, and is much warmer than Havana. A——'s wife went with us to Cuba, and we left her at Matanzas, where she and A—— expect to remain until June, if the weather should not become too warm; but I fear that it will hardly be safe to remain so long, as we already hear of cases of fever there.

Everything was so new and strange that it seemed like being in "dreamland." The fruits were very fine: oranges, larger than any thee ever saw perhaps, were brought to the door in panniers, and sold at a cent a-piece; bananas of the finest quality were in the greatest profusion, and the palm, cocoa-palm, plantain, mango, and other trees, all new to us, and acres upon acres of sugar cane besides.

We spent a day in going to see a sugar plantation a short distance from Cardenas. It is perhaps one of the largest on the island, there being about eight thousand acres of cane growing, and one thousand slaves at work. The wife of the superintendent took us through the mill, her husband being absent from home; and it was very gratifying that she was a Vermont lady, and could speak English, as in that land of Spaniards we are very glad to meet with one who speaks our native tongue. We were much gratified with our visit, and hope sometime to have an opportunity of telling you more about it. Among other things, she took us to see the slave-quarters, and in one room, where the old women take care of the young children, there were "lots" of little ones running about, or playing on the earthen floor, entirely divested of clothing. We might think in this in-

stance it was a matter of necessity, the mother not having the time or the money to procure clothing, but let me tell thee that it is the *fashion* in that country, as on many occasions we found such cases.

On our way from Trinidad, a lady and gentleman, with their two children and servants, came aboard the boat, and continued with us two days. During that time, the baby, apparently a year or fourteen months old, was without an article of clothing, but was carried about in its nurse's arms, or left to play about upon the dirty oil-cloth of the cabin floor, as though it was as handsomely dressed as any of our rich merchants' children.

The mother was all the time dressed up in her white flounced dress, and a *shawl* thrown over her shoulders. I felt quite indignant, for it was very evident that the child was too cold to be comfortable, coughing and crying all the time except when asleep. Never did I once see that mother take up or in any way notice the baby, though its father had it in his arms once or twice.

Another "peculiar institution" of that country is *smoking*. The women, as well as the men, smoke, and all smoke everywhere; and on more than one occasion have I been offered cigars by ladies and gentlemen.

They smoke at meals as well as everywhere else, and as soon as the first course is over, they light their cigars and all go to work puffing, while we would have to finish our meal regardless of the smoke. In the cars it would be a little difficult to get a seat that would be endurable, were it not that the windows would be all open, so that it would not be so unpleasant.

The climate is delightful at this season; and during the six or seven weeks that we have been from home, we have not had two hours' rain in all. I used to think of thee sometimes, and feel how much thee would have enjoyed the fruits and flowers. The orchards of orange trees, loaded with their beautiful golden fruit, and the dark, glossy green leaves, were a beautiful sight in some cases, where they were planted in rows as hedges. There were also hedges of cactus, with a flower stalk shooting up several yards high; the kind that is said with us to bloom once in a century (and which we went to see in Philadelphia as a great curiosity) blooms all the time,—at least I imagine so, from the profusion of it.

I can scarcely collect my ideas so as to write connectedly, for we had a great fright in this hotel a little while ago.

I heard the cry of "fire," and opening my door found every one running to our side of the house, where the smoke was pouring out of one of the rooms in the basement, quite near to my room; and a waiter ran up to the room in which I was, and threw the mattress out of the window, but was too agitated to say what it was for. He afterwards came up and said it was a gas explosion, and that one poor fellow was burnt to a crisp, whilst two others were very much injured. The lady, who gave the alarm in our part of the building, said she happened to look out of her window just as the flames burst out as high as the third story.

There was water playing upon it in an incredibly short time, and it was soon extinguished; but had it been at night, what a dreadful thing it might have been! for this building is six or seven stories high, and can accommodate a thousand persons, and is now well filled.

We have a very comfortable room on the second story, and the table is of the best character, so thee may suppose we are doing very well, so far as eating and sleeping are concerned.

E—— thinks we may get away from here the day after to-morrow, when we intend going to Mobile; then up the Alabama River to Montgomery; then

to Columbus, Macon, Augusta, Lynchburg, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, and hope to reach Philadelphia by the first of April. I must now stop, as E—— has come in, and we want to take an early dinner at three o'clock, and be able to take a ride at four.

E—— sends his love to thee and uncle, as I do also, and to Uncle M——'s girls.

I understand they expect to move to West Chester this spring. Oh! I forgot, *spring* is already here! It seems hard to realize what time of the year it is, when we have been all winter enjoying summer weather with its corresponding fruits.

It is cooler now than on the first day or two after our arrival here, though just pleasant weather, I think; yet there is a little fire in the parlor grate, which looks quite cheerful.

I must say farewell, hoping thee and uncle are enjoying good health this winter, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting before many months.

I am, as ever, thy affectionate niece,

ELMA.

Exchange Hotel,
Montgomery, Ala., March 21, 1860.

My Dear Sister:—We arrived here about nine o'clock on Second day evening, and yesterday received thy two letters of the 4th and 7th; also one from Willie, of February 25th.

I do not wonder thee felt hurt that thee had never received a line from me since my departure, and I cannot imagine why thee did not receive my letter from Charleston, as mother received hers, written at the same time. To be sure, it was no great loss; only it might have saved some unpleasant feelings, as one does not like to feel they are neglected by one they love.

We left the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, last Fifth day afternoon, the 15th, and arrived at Mobile next morning at 10 o'clock. We remained there until the next night at 9 o'clock, when we took the boat for this place.

It rained all the time we were in Mobile, the first rainy day we have had since we left home; and besides that, it was the week of the races, and I was told it was impossible to get a carriage, and consequently we did not get a drive out along the Shell Road, but imagine it is very similar to the one at New Orleans, which we did see.

Persons get their impressions of a place from the hotel they may be in, and as I had a dark, back room at the "Battle House," my impression of Mobile is not very favorable, notwithstanding a gentleman told me that I should like it very much.

The day we left New Orleans, E—— P—— and his wife reached there from Mobile.

Our journey now lies in a different direction, but E—— said we would probably meet again in Columbia, South Carolina, and if they should arrive there first, they would willingly wait a day or two for us. I hope we may, for we like them, and have had some pleasant times together.

We were about ten days in New Orleans, and had a pleasant time at the St. Charles.

There were about two dozen with whom we felt acquainted, from being on the boats to and from Cuba, and now that we have left them all, it seems more lonesome. We had a most delightful trip from Mobile to this place in an excellent new boat, (the St. Charles,) and with pleasant weather. We had also a Calliope, a steam organ I should call it, on the boat, and that was played about every half hour; then we had a company of musicians and a harper on board, and as they gave us music every evening, it was rather lively.

E—— would point out the places "where you got off and walked up the bluff;" "where he cut a cane;" and so I could imagine you on your trip just four years ago; but I wondered if you found the weather as pleasant as it is now.

How can I describe the beauty of this day? It is about like May at home, only that the ground is drier than it generally is with us. Last evening, E—— and I went up to Capitol Hill, and we mounted up to the cupola of the State House and had a grand view.

We have a fine, large front room here, and although the table does not compare favorably with that of the St. Charles, still we manage to get enough to eat, and that is saying a good deal for persons with such appetites as we have, though I cannot say that either of us has gained anything in size yet, although a great deal in color. It was not so noticeable whilst among the Spaniards, but now we would like to get rid of a little of the outer coat of tan, though that is a favorite color of mine—in its place.

Upon glancing over thy letter, I see thy allusion to the P——s suffering with heat in Havana. I was quite astonished when Carrie told me how *very* warm *they* had felt it. I think I can truly say that I never was too warm while there, but that was in a great

degree owing to our different situations; they were *inside* of the walls, and we enjoyed the delightful sea-breeze *outside* the narrow streets. I think Carrie's impressions of Havana were not of the most favorable kind.

If there were plenty of good American hotels, what a charming place it would be! but, as Mrs. Howe says, "there is no place in the world where you get so little comfort for your money."

At New Orleans, we went into Canal Street frequently, and had very pleasant times, looking at the summer goods, and never did I see a prettier assortment of dress goods than there. It is, of course, an object with them to have a good variety of organdies and bareges, as they have so much warm weather. I could have suited myself with my summer dresses in a short time, and perhaps it would have been as well to have done so, as many of the other ladies did, but our trunks were full already, and I felt willing to wait.

Thee hopes we "will go and see Elizabeth;" indeed we intend doing so, as E—— says he expects to go to Alexandria, and it will be a great pleasure to meet her there, as I did not get to see her last summer, and I love her so much.

I am very much in hopes that Church's "Heart of

the Andes" will not have left Philadelphia before our return; but if it does, we may perhaps see it in Baltimore or somewhere else.

I do not wonder thee anticipates a pleasant summer, and I sincerely hope thee may have thy anticipations realized; but as I do not expect to be out of the city much, if thee and Annie T—— are both absent, it will be my turn to be lonesome. I hope the visit thee speaks of will come off with pleasure to all of us.

I was interested in hearing about "meeting," and expect we will be ready to appreciate and enjoy it, as we have been inside of no place of worship except Catholic ones since we left home, but we like *silent meeting* better than *some* preaching, do we not?

I have been in company with Dr. Gibbes and his wife, from Columbia, S. C., and he speaks of that as being the best place he knows of for invalids from the North, the climate is so dry and equable. He has been in very poor health. and has been spending the winter in Cuba, for a change. Columbia is said to be a very pretty and comfortable place, and not being so far from Philadelphia, would be a recommendation to us. We shall probably be there a few days on our way home, but as the Doctor had not left New Orleans when we did, I fear they will not

be at home when we are there. They do not wish to reach home until some time in April.

When we arrived at New Orleans and found such damp weather, he, as well as many others, wished they had staid longer in Cuba.

I never can remember what I have written in former letters, so that if my friends get the same thing twice over they must excuse it.

Much love from E——. He, as well as myself, enjoyed thy letters. I wish to write to Annie T——, but may perhaps defer hers until we arrive at Macon, to which place we will start this evening. I expect to stay a day at Columbus, and to be ready to spend First day at Macon; where, too, we hope for letters, as ours have got far ahead of us.

With love, truly thine,

ELMA.

LANIER HOUSE,

Macon, Georgia, March 24, 1860.

DEAR S—— and A——, As you generally write together, I may as well answer in the same way.

You say there is very little encouragement to write to us, as you do not get our letters. I think I mentioned, in a former letter, that we finally re-

ceived all the letters before leaving Havana, and I imagine there have been none missing since.

We arrived here last night at nine o'clock, and I have been told it is a very pretty place; but I am not yet ready to give an opinion, although E—— tells me there is a carriage and pair at our command, and the owner also, who wishes to drive around with us, so that I shall be better qualified to judge before leaving the place, which will not be before Second day evening, I presume.

S——, while thy kind inquiry about our *health* is fresh in my mind, I will just say, if I "never have said anything upon the subject," thee may be assured it is because I am still enjoying my usual portion of that blessing. Thee wants to know "if I am *better*." I have been perfectly well ever since we went aboard the Isabel at Charleston,—have not even had a cold; but as I was well while at home, I do not know that there is any change in that respect. I do not know that I am any stouter, never having been weighed since the day we left; but E—— has gained a few pounds, although he has had so much running about to do. He is just now suffering from a cold, which he took in the cars on our way from Montgomery to Columbus. Night traveling suits him less than it does me, for he

mostly takes cold, and his eye is quite inflamed and was very painful yesterday, but I hope it will be quite well by to-morrow.

I was pleased to hear that mother had gone down to stay with J—— during R——'s absence, and that "Lizzie expects to go to the city to stay several weeks," and I hope to be at home in time to get my share of the visit.

I had a letter from A—— since thine and A——'s, which were received this morning. I wrote to thee, and A——, and R——, and mother since our arrival in New Orleans, also to J. P. D——, all of which, I doubt not, have been received. I do not feel that I have anything interesting to tell, only to let you know where we are, from time to time.

We cannot fix upon any certain time for getting home, but it looks at present as if we would hardly be able to get through *our* business before the middle of April. Quere: if it takes *two* of us this long, how long would it take E—— by himself?

Oh! am I not glad that I came with him! But I am beginning to feel the importance of being at home, for I fear I may be needed; but I shall try not to make myself uneasy while we are doing the best we can. Only, if you really think I ought to be at home, send me word, and I will cut loose from E——'s button and be off.

When I hear what a trying winter you have had, I feel thankful for the fine, balmy air we were breathing all that time.

It rained last night when we arrived here, and this morning the air is fine and clear; but it feels best to have a little fire in my chamber, although there is none in the parlor, and it does not seem actually necessary.

I shall look for your next letters with a great deal of interest, but will not write any more at present, except to say that yesterday, in the cars, there was a little one much like our Annie, not quite so old, (only two years,) and who talked so very well, that every one could understand what she said. Her little curly head was not quite so dark, but in general appearance she resembled her very much. A little boy with her was about like Herman. He was with his mother, who was *aunt* to little Fanny, whose *father* was with them. I think they were on their way to Washington City.

PLANTERS' HOTEL,
Augusta, Georgia, March 27, 1860.

WE spent Seventh, First, and Second days at Macon, and started from there last night at ten

o'clock, and reached here this morning at seven, and think of leaving here to-night for Charleston. It will be two nights of travel in succession, and they have no conveniences such as sleeping-seats or night-cars as we have; but E—— is anxious to get along as fast as possible, and *I* do not mind traveling at night in this country, where one does not miss seeing any beautiful scenery.

We were over this road before, and it is pretty much swamps or barren land.

Annie, tell Cousin Nathan we *would* have received his letter at Macon, as we were there two days later than we expected to be, and I went to the office myself, as I was looking for one from him, but I was glad to receive it to-day, as well as one from Elma, and Herman's, too.

How sweet the violets smelled when we opened his letter! I am glad that you have some evidences of spring; for we feel it pretty cold as we come further north, and every place we stop we have a wood-fire made in our room; for, although they have fires in the parlors, the doors are always open.

Tell Herman I wish he could have seen his father when I was reading out the *contents* of his pocket. He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. There was one thing that was *not* there—the *chicken*

feet; but perhaps the reason was because it had been emptied so lately. He likes "figs, oranges, and raisins," does he? We have all these things every day at dinner, and if he could put his hand in a basket a gentleman gave me last evening just as we were leaving Macon, he might help himself.

That gentleman met us at the cars, and said he had brought us a few things to eat in the night if we were hungry; but we only took a peep into the basket at that time, and since we arrived here I took a look into it, and it has as great a variety as Herman's pocket, I think, and might last until we reach home. There were crackers, cakes, and figs: a lot of candy for my cough, he said; a flask of "excellent" brandy, which he thinks is "indispensable in traveling;" a box of guava jelly; and, under all, about a dozen and a half of hard boiled eggs, with pepper and salt to match.

Now, if you should hear of our having dyspepsia, need you wonder? This gentleman was the one who took us riding around Macon, and was as kind and polite as possible.

Macon is, indeed, a beautiful city. It covers a great extent of ground. The streets are very wide, and most of the houses are surrounded by large

yards. There is a great amount of wealth here, and, S——, is it not a little rare to find they are mostly Methodists, as is the case in most of the principal towns in Mississippi? Mr. A—— has his third wife, who have all been of that denomination.

We again met with a party of four of our Cuban company this morning, and we shall probably be with them for a few days, as they also expect to go to Charleston and Columbia, S. C.

I hope we shall hear from you at Columbia, but you may write again to Richmond by the 4th or 5th of April.

I anticipate a pleasant little visit in Baltimore, although, I suppose, we shall be too soon to meet N—— there; but it will be as pleasant if we see him at our house before he goes there.

The gong has rung, so I will say farewell.

With love to all, affectionately, ELMA.

LANIER HOUSE,

Macon, Georgia, March 23, 1860.

DEAR HARRIET:—In all our journey, I believe I have never taken up my pen to write home, without feeling at the same time that it would be a pleasure for me to write to thee; perhaps the feeling has

been more with me from the disappointment I felt in not getting down to say "farewell" to thee and my other cousins in that part of the town; and, although I now feel as if I *may* be with you again in a short time, I will still give myself the pleasure, this evening, of feeling that I am communing with thee.

I was sorry to hear in one of my late letters that thee was not so well as usual, and glad, when the next one arrived, in a few days, that thee had again improved.

I understand you have had a very hard winter; that is, hard on the constitution, because so very variable. It was difficult, while inhaling the delicious air of the tropics, to imagine our friends suffering from the cold, rough winds of more northern climes; and while enjoying all that was new and pleasant, fine fruits, soft breezes, and beautiful scenery, still, the thought will be uppermost, that with all these delights, I could not advise a *sick* one whom I loved, to forego the *comforts of home* for all these advantages. It is only those in good health that should subject themselves to all the annoyances and discomfort of a residence in Cuba.

We did not meet with any very sick persons while there, nor until on the boat, on our return home, we

found two gentlemen who looked very ill. We had no acquaintance with them.

What a delightful journey we had across the Gulf to New Orleans! and from my former experience of a sea voyage, I should not have thought it was possible for one to be so pleasant; but we were very much *favored;* had an excellent boat, good company, and the shortest trip ever made between Havana and New Orleans.

After we arrived at the St. Charles, we would hear the remark frequently from some of our company, "Oh! I wish I was back in Havana," or "I wish I had stayed a month longer in Cuba," for the weather was very damp and chilly for a few days after our arrival. I was willing to submit to almost anything like *home*, and was not sorry to be once more in the "States." Since we left New Orleans we have had some pleasant boating, first to Mobile, then two days and nights up the *winding* Alabama. A glance at the map will show what a crooked river it is, but its banks look very beautiful at this season, with so many trees in bloom, and even the wild flowers on its shores were near enough to be seen.

I could not but contrast these two days, on the boat, with a ride of the same length on a boat in Cuba. *Here* we had an excellent boat, indeed a

beautiful one, good company, and everything as it should be: *there* the men were always smoking, and there was no ladies' saloon to which one might retreat and feel safe from molestation.

* * * * * * *

I have not heard how Cousin S—— is this winter, for thee knows our folks and yours do not see much of each other, because there are no young people to keep up the visiting I suppose.

I do not feel as if I had said much, but I felt like writing, and it was a pleasure to do it; take it as it is, and excuse all defects. I very frequently think of you all, and hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you.

With much love to Cousin Ann, Mary, Philip, Henry, all, *all*,—I remain thy affectionate cousin,

ELMA.

BOYDEN HOUSE,

Salisbury, N. C., March 31, 1860.

DEAR R——, I do not know that thee requested me to write to thee, but in all my journey I have been wishing to send thee a few lines, thinking they might not be unacceptable; but here we are

half-way home before I have taken up my pen for that purpose.

I had no idea I should not hear from your family all winter; but E—— has only written twice, and she did not mention any of our neighbors in either of them. I suppose she is even more closely confined to her studies than usual, having taken Latin in addition to those she already had; although I think she must have left off a lesson or two, to give more time to this new study.

I should like to know how you have all been during the winter, as we are informed the weather has been very variable, and exceedingly hard on those of delicate constitutions, and even those more robust in health have suffered much with colds.

This is a charming day; we are sitting with open windows, enjoying the mild spring weather, although since dinner the wind has risen, and blows the dust very much.

We were at Charleston a few days ago, and there found the yards were full of the most elegant roses and other flowers in bloom. They have so many fine roses here that do not grow in our colder climate; so many climbing ones, which cluster about the porticoes and upon the trees, that I never saw any to equal them in beauty and luxuriance. I

expect our poor little pet rose in the front yard will hardly seem worth cultivating, if, indeed, the cold weather has not killed it.

We have sent word to William to attend to our yard, if it is time. Everything here is at such an advanced stage, that we cannot realize how it may be with you, although, I presume, the frost is out of the ground at this time.

We want to reach home in less than two weeks from now, for there will be much to attend to; and perhaps thee may know that N—— is to be married soon; but Annie is to be in the city shortly, and she will call and see thee, I expect, and tell thee all the news, if there is any, worth hearing.

I should like to know if Eliza Newport's meeting is still kept up, and many other things. We have not been inside of a place of worship, excepting *Catholic*, since we left home. We had hoped to be in Richmond to spend to-morrow, but shall not be able to reach there, as there are a great many delays to rapid travel. I have become quite a traveler, and we start at almost all hours of the night, and arrive at all hours, and many times travel all night. It does not seem to make any difference to us.

We have had a comfortable time, not a rainy day

to be out in since we left home, and have had it pleasant in every respect; and when we arrive at stated points, and receive letters, saying "all are well and happy" at home, it is very encouraging. I do not feel as if I should leave home again this summer, if we should arrive there in safety.

I have not told thee one word about our Cuban trip; but I shall be pleased to talk it over with M——, and as he has been there we can compare notes, and talk of it as it was *then* and *now*. I must say, however, that we had a most delightful voyage from Havana to New Orleans, in a very short time, and charming weather, it being such a pleasant contrast to our trip over to the island, which was rough, tedious, and altogether disagreeable.

We had a very pleasant visit of about ten days at New Orleans; but it, or any other city we have visited, cannot be compared favorably with our own (in *our* eyes, of course, I mean), although some of these southern towns are very beautiful, being built like large villages, with wide streets, and nearly every house with a yard attached. Macon and Columbia are very pretty indeed.

I hope thee and thine are enjoying as good health as when we left, and that we may find it so on our return.

Excuse this poor apology for a letter. It will at least assure thee that I do not forget my absent friends; indeed, there has not been a week since we left home that I have not desired to write to thee.

Kiss the children for me, and remember me to M——. I know E—— wishes to be remembered to you both, although he is not here at present.

With much love, I remain affectionately thy friend, ELMA.

EL YARBOROUGH HOUSE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 1, 1860.

DEAR LIZZIE:—I have been intending to write to thee for some time, but knowing thee expected to be in Philadelphia, I have waited until I should know where to address thee; besides, Annie said that "Aunt Lizzie intended writing to me soon," which letter I have also been waiting for.

* * * * *

Yesterday, at Salisbury, we stopped at a hotel opposite a frame building, which was formerly a hotel, and where General Jackson boarded while he was engaged in the study of the law, and the proprietor took E—— into the room he occupied. We

went afterwards into another street to see his law office, a very small frame building, and just as he left it, though going into decay. The gentleman upon whose property it is, has his own office on the opposite side of the yard, and in great contrast to this dilapidated building.

We also saw the house General Cornwallis occupied as his head-quarters at one time.

It is of frame, but has been renewed and painted, and kept in order.

These southern towns are very pretty; but as we get farther north, of course there are not so many flowers in the yards, but, in some places we have been, the roses are magnificent.

If I wanted to seek a more southern latitude to spend the winter, I would select some of these village-like cities. Macon and Columbia are very beautiful places, and Dr. G—— thinks the climate of the latter well suited for invalids, as, being inland, the air is very dry and less variable than some other situations.

Two or three nights ago, we traveled all night; the next night we traveled until after twelve o'clock, and last night we got in the cars at twelve o'clock, and arrived here about seven.

After breakfast we had a comfortable nap, and

now feel pretty bright, especially as the dinner was not good enough to tempt us to eat too much. We have reached the region of cotton-colored butter. It is as white as lard, and about as tasteless.

I hope I shall receive that letter thee *intends* writing, at Richmond or Baltimore.

With love to W—— and the children, affectionately, thy sister,

ELMA.

BALLARD HOUSE,
Richmond, Va., April 4, 1860.

DEAR MAGGIE:—Thee will believe, I know, my dear friend, when I say that in the numerous stopping-places of our long journey, my thoughts have *often*, yes, *always*, turned to thee, and the half promise I made to write. Our time was much subdivided, and always before the sailing of a steamer (while on the island) there would be so many *home* letters to be written, and as we were traveling most of the time, stopping but few days in a place, I did not get it accomplished.

After our return to the United States, it seemed to me hardly worth while to write, as we were so near home; but this morning I feel such a desire to

communicate with thee, that I take up my pen and resolve to enjoy the pleasure, if it is only to tell thee that I have not forgotten my *promise* or my *friend.*

Oh! how I hungered for home news! We were four weeks after we left home without hearing, and not even a paper could we get; or if by great chance we did see one, it was from New York, and in *that* we could see nothing about Philadelphia.

I never felt before how small a place Philadelphia was. I have really hesitated to tell where I lived sometimes, fearing they did not know the place. It is really curious to find how many papers one may look through, and never see any allusion to our dearly loved city.

I have written to Elma two or three times, and asked her to send thee word through Hannah how we are getting along, so I suppose thee is not entirely without having heard from us.

We have had a delightful journey, everything has been so favorable, not an accident or detention in any way. The weather has been perfectly charming until within a few days. As we come north, of course we find it colder, and sometimes chilliness in the air. The climate of Cuba is delicious, I must say, and we had the pleasant company of some Philadelphians while there. The accommodations

for strangers are not very good, and I should be sorry to see a very sick friend go there, as the want of home comforts would, I think, more than overbalance the good to be derived: that is, if they have to accept such accommodations as one gets in the hotels. The island was crowded with visitors, and many complaining of the want of comfort in bed and board; but the fine sea breeze and delicious fruits we could all enjoy.

What does thee think of eating more than a dozen oranges before breakfast? That was a common practice with some of our friends. Three or four always sufficed for me, they were so large.

We arrived here last night, and found the legislature had just adjourned the evening previous. We expected to have arrived in time to spend First day here, but, instead, we found ourselves in Raleigh. E—— brought me a half dozen letters from the office this morning; among them, one from M. B. K——, who tells me how very ill her sister Lizzie has been, and what a comfort their "dear Doctor" was to her. I can well believe all she says, although some might think her praise extravagant—such praise of any man—but we know a Christian physician is a great blessing.

I suppose I ought to tell thee something about

our travels through the States; but indeed I scarcely know what to say, only that it has been very comfortable to me. We have invariably met with politeness and attention, and never anything unpleasant. We have not seen anything to make us change our *previous opinions* concerning the "peculiar institution," although all with whom we are thrown in close contact, seem so comfortable and even happy. But oh! the poverty of the country!

For days we saw nothing but pine forests or cypress swamps, and, in traveling by night, we had no fear of missing fine scenery.

We expect to stop here a couple of days; then in Washington three or four; in Baltimore a few days, and hope to reach home by the 14th, if possible.

It will soon be time to think of getting ready for our Yearly Meeting friends, will it not?

Give my love to the Doctor and Hannah, also a kiss to Willie, and accept both for thyself, from thy friend, now and ever,

ELMA.

Had she been able to spend the next winter in the South, possibly her useful life might have been prolonged many years; but the distracted state of the country—a state that she deeply deplored—pre-

vented her doing so; and in the spring of 1861, when she came to West Chester to spend a short time, it was evident that the disease which threatened her was progressing. Still she continued serene and cheerful, interested in her household affairs, and attentive as usual to her children. Her mother prevailed upon her to prolong her stay in West Chester, which lengthened from weeks to months, and when she finally left her, it was for her long last home. If care and skill could have saved her life, it would have been saved. Breathing the fresh air of her childish days in the balmy summer time, cheered by the birds and flowers she knew and loved so well, her husband and children near her, surrounded by the friends of her youth, and nursed by her mother and S——, she gradually sank to that sleep which knows no waking. Long before the final summons came, she knew and spoke of her situation, cheerfully and hopefully. Why should she not? She had loved and tried to serve her Master while she was in health. He would not forsake her now, but would comfort and support her through the "dark valley of the shadow of death."

When the last roses of the season were fast fading away, some were brought to her. She took

them in her thin hand, saying, "These are the last I shall ever see!"

S—— replied by quoting the words of the poet—

"In Heaven the flowers eternally bloom."

With a quick, bright look, she answered, "Oh! I do not regret it."

Often, often she spoke of her own unworthiness, and that she must owe all to the mercy of a Saviour, praying that he might be near her.

She earnestly desired some token, some assurance whereby her faith might be strengthened, and most mercifully was it granted. For some months previous to her last illness she had been unable to rest in any position, except upon her left side, as it produced constant irritation of the lungs and incessant coughing, but more especially so when she attempted to find relief in a change from her side to her back.

A few days before the close, those who were with her observed that she was lying on her back and appeared to be sleeping sweetly, and as she had not been able to obtain any rest for a long time, owing to the constant cough, it was a great comfort to see her repose. That rest was more refreshing than any that sleep could give. After remaining still for

more than an hour, she awoke to what was passing around her, and calling her husband to her side, asked him how long she had been quiet. On being told, she could scarcely realize that it had been so short a time—she "had enjoyed so much." She then said to him, "I have felt that I had finished all that was given me to do, and that I was prepared to wait our Heavenly Father's own time to relieve me from my sufferings. Although my feelings gave me that assurance that was to me almost positive evidence, yet I felt that it might be presumptuous in me to come to this conclusion, and under this feeling, I asked my Heavenly Father that he would vouchsafe to me a token of his love. And now, my dear husband, I feel that my prayer has been granted, and that I have been permitted to have a foretaste of the joys of that hereafter into which I am soon to enter." She added that, in her weak state, she could not say more, else she would speak of some of those delightful scenes she had been permitted to witness. These seemed as sweet incense arising continually before her, until her spirit passed away to meet with loved ones who have gone before, and to partake with them of the riches of that kingdom which shall continue for ever and ever.

We must believe in these revelations,—these glimpses of divine glory,—which penetrate through the mists and fogs of the "border land," and which those who are permitted to see never doubt, never forget.

She enjoyed music, particularly the sweet melody of vocal music, and on the evening of her death asked her brother, W. E. B——, to "Sing to me of heaven."

The hymn so truly portrayed the scene about to follow, that I copy it:

Come, sing to me of heaven
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

When the last moments come,
Oh! watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which in each feature plays.
There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;

Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

Almost literally was this prayer fulfilled: the same loved brother watched her "dying face," and the same voice sang the last "one sweet song." None can tell who "greeted" her "in heaven." It may have been that of the darling sister, whose husband's was the "last on earth."

On the evening of November 23d, 1862, her strength failed rapidly, and she asked of S——, "Am I dying?"

S—— thought not. As she had several sinking spells before, and had rallied again, this was probably of the same character. But as the evening passed on, it was evident that the last hour was at hand. Her husband, children, and nearest connections drew near, she herself mentioning some of them. They sat around her, watching the sweet countenance over which the gray shadows were gradually stealing.

S—— said, "Elma, thy dear friends are near thee."

"Yes," she replied, and raising her arms as if to draw nearer to her the beloved Saviour, of whom she spoke, and whom she saw before her, "and my Saviour, too."

"Do you see your Saviour?" asked a brother.

"Yes; pray for me, that my faith fail not."

Another hymn was proposed, and when the singer's strong emotion would have overpowered his tones, she, with her trembling, dying voice, prompted the words. The last act of her life towards another was of characteristic kindness. The weeping R——, who had lived under her roof so many years, attempted to warm the feet that were cold in death.

"Not now," said your mother to her; "I no longer feel them." But knowing the poor girl desired to do something for her once more, she directed her to smooth her hair.

The night wore on, and still that band of watchers was around her. As morn drew near, faint and fainter grew her breathing, then ceased, and she was with the angels and her babe.

In answer to a request made by her husband, the following letter was written by her dearly beloved

brother, W. E. B——, giving, as it does, so much of interest that it is copied entire, although it may reiterate some things that have been said elsewhere.

West Chester, 1862.

Dear E——, I can readily appreciate your desire to collect and preserve every memento of your dear departed one, and I, therefore, cheerfully comply with your request to record my impressions of the character, and to mention some of the incidents connected with the closing hours, of her whom we all loved so well.

Elma was no ordinary person. She had gifts and graces which it is rare to find combined in the same individual. Her mind, naturally strong, had been cultivated by various reading, and much thought and study, so that her conversation was always interesting and instructive, and her correspondence in a high degree satisfying and enjoyable. Her letters were filled with such minute details, and treated of such entertaining topics, that they were ever welcomed with pleasure and read with delight.

She was a safe and judicious counselor. Her advice, dictated by the sincerest interest in the welfare of her friends, was never proffered, much less obtruded. She was too retiring in her disposition,

and too diffident of her own judgment, to advance gratuitous counsel; but when sought for and obtained, it was usually found to be wise, suggestive, and valuable.

A distinguishing feature of her character was her singular *unselfishness*,—her thoughtful regard for the happiness of her friends, even at the sacrifice of her own comfort. I never knew but one who was so entirely forgetful of her own interest, in her desire to oblige and render others happy; and in this respect, as in many others, the two sisters were equally lovely.

No one could associate with her long, without observing her zealous carefulness against giving offence, and her exceeding sensitiveness, lest by word or act she should wound the feelings of those with whom she was brought into contact.

Her guilelessness was perceptible in all she said and did. Although undemonstrative in her nature, it was not difficult to perceive the ruling motive of her conduct. A love and reverence for what was good shone clearly through all her actions. A sense of her accountability for her walk and conversation before the world, seemed never to be absent from her thoughts; and the light of that deep-toned piety which struggled through and illuminated every movement,—every expression, was noticed and felt

by all who came within the circle of her influence. During an acquaintance of many years, I never heard a word of harsh censure from her lips. She was always disposed to take the part of the absent and the erring. She shielded such from criticism and reproach. She could always see a germ of good in the worst. She was so loving, so gentle, so forgiving, so tolerant of differences in sentiment, so kind to every one, so ready to make allowances for failings and short-comings, that she was a living example to all who knew her.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.
"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds,
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book."

It might readily be supposed that the religion which had guided, restrained, and supported her, and which she had adorned during her active life, would continue to be her strength and consolation during her passage to the grave.

Throughout the long tedious months of her painful decline, the sweet promises of the Scriptures,

the hopes of that rest which remains for the people of God, and her constant communings with her Saviour, were the principal sources of her comfort, and the means of her alleviation from the sufferings of the disease. She loved to hear the Bible read. She seemed to derive much pleasure from hearing her favorite hymns sung. She was evidently in frequent meditation upon the character of Christ. Giving utterance to one of her beautiful thoughts, one day, she said, "I think the angels must droop their wings with sorrow when they hear of any person that don't love Jesus."

But I must hasten to the solemn scenes of her last night on earth. The final struggle was a long one. It commenced early in the evening of Saturday, the 23d of November. She was perfectly conscious that the time of her dissolution was approaching, and sent for her relatives and friends. How she longed for death to terminate her sufferings, and yet how submissively she endured the lingering progress of the disease; how wistfully she awaited the summons, and yet how resignedly she bore the procrastination of the release; how earnestly she anticipated the sound of the chariot-wheels, which should convey the ransomed spirit to the bosom of her Father and her God, and yet, how persistently she strove to repress every sign of impatience;

those friends and relatives standing around her bed, were sorrowing eye witnesses. In one of the intervals of her anguish, she said, "Oh! I am so tired; when shall I go?" "Precious Jesus! when thee's ready, let me go." Then turning to her friends, she would say, "Pray for me, that I may die quick. But I must be patient." Several times, after arousing from a momentary unconsciousness, she opened her eyes, and said, "Still here! I am waiting." During a brief season of slumber, her countenance manifested much distress, and upon awakening, she exclaimed, "Where is my Saviour? I can't find him. I am feeling for him."

Towards midnight she seemed to rally somewhat. Her breathing became less labored, and her sufferings less intense. She then, as if weighed down with disappointment, cried, "I won't be released to-night. My work is not yet done. I must suffer still more before I die." This painful expression, however, soon disappeared, and from this time forward, she seemed to realize perfect peace. How soothingly, then, she experienced the truthfulness of the words of the poet!—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

For, just as the spirit was about to take its flight to heaven, her dear friend and foster-mother, who was sitting near her, whispered, "All thy loved ones are here around thee." "Yes," she faintly said, "and Jesus too."

After witnessing such a triumphant departure, does not the wish involuntarily well up in each of our hearts, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

If we live such a life, we may confidently trust that such a death will be vouchsafed to us. Let us both strive to follow in her footsteps, so that when our earthly course is run, we may crown her happiness by giving her the joy of greeting us in mansions of eternal happiness.

Very truly yours,

W. E. B.

I conclude this memoir by copying part of a letter written by her friend, W. A. H——, who knew her well. It is dated some months after her death.

July 14*th*, 1862.

The more I think on the character and life of our dear friend, with the desire to convey any idea of either to others, the more difficult I find it to make

the attempt. A character remarkable for a few brilliant traits, however defective, produces a certain vividness of impression that we can readily recall and define. It is like the glow and outline of a single constellation of stars; but the character whose beauty proceeds from the exquisite balance and adjustment of rare virtues, is like the calm white light of the galaxy, the result of the accumulation of rays from a multitude of worlds, so nicely blended that we cannot perceive their separate sources. As the luminous pathway in the heavens can cheer and beautify our night without our being able to name the stars which compose it, so the glorious beauty of a holy and harmonious life can guide and bless us, without our knowing to what particular virtues we are most largely indebted.

Of our friend it can be said, that in her circle each one found in her what was most especially needed,—sympathy, or counsel, or consolation, or instruction; and her wonderful self-abnegation made her help available to those who sought it, at all times. She was patient with the froward, forbearing towards the erring and unreasonable, gentle to the rash and intractable, and kind and loving to all.

With an intellect naturally clear and comprehen-

sive, she always found time for mental cultivation; with feeble health, and numerous cares of a family, she accomplished more reading than most persons do, who have far less to interfere with their intellectual pursuits. Her work-basket and book were constant companions, the book occupying the solitary hour, and the work being always quickly and cheerfully substituted when a friend or a member of the family entered the apartment, or otherwise claimed her attention. Singularly modest, and disposed to undervalue her own talents and attainments, she was yet always willing to employ them in the service of others.

To dwell upon the minutiæ of such a character, is to dissect an exquisite flower, and thus destroy the general effect of its loveliness, without increasing the definiteness of its single impressions.

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